



# THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

## SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

BATTISON HAYNES.

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PRICE 2/- NET.

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# THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Francis A. Fahy.

Battison Haynes.

*Joyously.* *poco rit.*

VOICE. 

*Moderate time.*

PIANO. *mf lightly* *poco rit.* 

*mf a tempo*

Not far from old Kin - va - ra in the mer - ry month of May, When

*a tempo* 

*CRESC.*

birds were sing - ing cheer - i - ly there came a - cross my way, As—

*CRESC.* *f* 

if from out the sky a-bove an angel chanced to fall, A lit - tle I-rish colleen in an

ould plaid shawl. She tripped a-long right joy-ous-ly, a basket on her arm; And

*CRESC.* *poco rit.* *f*  
oh! her face, and oh! her grace the soul of saint would charm; Her

*a tempo*  
brown hair rip - pled o'er her brow, but great - est charm of all Was her

*rit.* *ff* *a tempo*

mod - est blue eyes beam-ing neath her ould plaid shawl.

*rit.* *ff* *mf a tempo*

*poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

I — cour-teous-ly sa-lu-ted her "God

*a tempo*

*poco rit.* *mf*

save you, Miss" says I, "God save you kind-ly, Sir," said she, and shy-ly passed me by. Off —

*f*

*poco rit.*

went my heart a-long with her, a cap-tive in her thrall, Im - prisoned in the cor-ner of her

*poco rit.*

*p a tempo*

ould plaid shawl. En-chant-ed with her beau-ty rare, I gazed in pure de-light, Till

*p a tempo*

*CRESC.*

round an an-gle of the road she vanished from my sight, But ev-er since I sigh-ing say as

*CRESC.*

*rit.*

I that scene re-call,—“The grace of God a-bout you and your ould plaid shawl.”

*rit.*

*fa tempo*

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*  
*mf*

Oh,

*a tempo*

*poco rit.*

*mf*

some men sigh for rich - es and some men live for fame, And

*cresc.*  
some on his - tory's pag - es hope to win a glor - ious name: My

*cresc.* *f*

aims are not am - bi - tious and my wish - es are but small, you might

*rit.* *a tempo* *p*  
wrap them all to-gether in an ould plaid shawl. I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll

*rit.* *a tempo* *p*

*CRSC.*

seek her all through Clare, I'll search for tale or tid - ings of my

*CRSC.*

*ff.*

trav' - ler ev' - ry - where, For — peace of mind I'll nev - er find un -

*ff.*

*rit.*

-til my own I call, That lit - tle I - rish col - leen in her

*rit.*

*sempre rit.al fine*

ould plaid shawl, That lit - tle I - rish col - leen in her ould plaid shawl.

*sempre rit.al fine*

# SIX RUSSIAN SONGS

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1. A BALL-ROOM MEETING (COUNT A. TOLSTOI) *P. Tchaikovsky.*
  2. REGRET (D. RATHAUS) - - - *P. Tchaikovsky.*
  3. SILENT SORROW (A. KOLTSOV) - - *A. Dargomijsky.*
  4. AN EASTERN SONG (A. POUSHKIN) - - *A. Dargomijsky.*
  5. A ROSE IN AUTUMN (N. AKSAKOV) - - *M. Balakirev.*
  6. DEAREST LITTLE MAIDEN (Folk-Song) - *A. Dargomijsky.*
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SELECTED, AND THE WORDS TRANSLATED

BY

ROSA NEWMARCH.

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